



UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIII.

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NO. 17.

For the Myrtle.

Minnie's Reception.

I have a reception mama,
 Out in the garden to-day;
 The flowers are beautiful ladies,
 Coming their visits to pay.

 They are all so prettily dressed,
 You would think each one was a bride
 But which is the sweetest and best
 I'm sure I cannot decide.

 Miss Pink with her sisters have come
 In delicate colors arranged,
 They are the choicest perfume,
 No druggest I'm sure ever made.

 Miss Poppy is a medical lady,
 And holds her head pretty high,
 She does not affect to be shady,
 Of claim to be bashful or shy.

 I think her graceful and pretty,
 She's famous as every one knows;
 And when with pain were afflicted,
 How quickly she lull's to repose.

 Miss May flower declines to appear,
 Nor will Miss Violet come,
 They say at this time of the year
 They cannot be tempted from home.

 Miss Rose is perfectly splendid
 She's noted in story and song;
 Miss Lily was mentioned by Jesus,
 And needs no praise from my tongue.

 Miss Portulacca is brilliant,
 But very old fashioned you see,
 She never is out of an evening,
 What'e'er the attraction may be.

 Miss Mignonette and Pansy,
 And also Miss Heliotrope,
 Are very pleasant ladies,
 You will love them all I hope.

 Dear me! the place is so crowded,
 And some names I cannot recall,
 I'll go and find the Professor,
 He'll make you acquainted with all.

And as long as I live dear mama,
 In every time and place,
 I must remember the giver,
 Of all this beauty and grace.

A. S. T.

For the Myrtle.

John Green's Kite.



LITTLE John Green went out, one
 Saturday morning, to weed his
 father's garden. It was a very
 small garden, and his father had
 told him to pull up every weed
 he could find, and gather them
 into a heap, and then get the
 wheelbarrow, and carry them
 into the barnyard, and then he
 could play the rest of the day.

John went to work at once,
 and worked very steadily for a
 while, and then, as it was very
 warm, he sat down under a small tree, to rest a
 little.

While he was sitting there, he thought he
 would raise his new kite, and when he got it up,
 he would tie it to a post, and then he could
 watch it while he was at work, and that would
 make the time pass very pleasantly.

So he went into the house, and got his kite,
 and soon he had the satisfaction of seeing it far
 up in the air, a great deal higher than he had
 ever been able to get a kite before.

Ah! said John, that is a good kite,—it will
 beat all the kites in the neighborhood,—I should
 not wonder if all the boys would want to buy it.

It was not long before the string was all out,
 and John began to look around for a good place
 to tie it; there was a withered limb on the tree

just above his head, and he thought he would fasten it there. As he rose to his feet, however, he was surprised to find that the kite was lifting him from the ground.

Hallo! said John, if this is not jolly—I just wish it would raise me up as high as the old barn,—I do not believe there was ever such a kite before;—I do wish some of the boys were here to see me go up; if I tell them about it, they will never believe it, I know; I am almost as high as the house already; I wonder how much higher I shall go. Farther, and farther up he went, and the house and barn looked smaller and smaller, and at last disappeared in the distance, and still he rose higher and higher. He looked up for his kite, and that, too, had gone out of sight, far above the clouds;—and then he began to wonder how he was going to get down again; he thought he would wind in the string, and then, perhaps, it would let him down slowly and safely; so he began to wind up the cord, and before a great while he saw the kite coming slowly down. He wound away, as fast as he could, but he could not determine whether he was going down or not, because he could not see anything beneath him.

Oh, dear me! said John, I wish the old kite was in the middle of the sea;—what a fool I was to raise it, when I ought to have been at work—my weeding is not half done, and father will be so angry.

Just then John saw that what he had supposed to be his kite, was not a kite at all, but an eagle—and it was approaching him very rapidly.

A few minutes after John had made the discovery, the eagle seized him by one arm, and fiercely demanded, "What are you doing up here?"

"Winding up my kite string," answered John.

The eagle immediately bit off the cord, and then holding poor John fast in his sharp claws, he flew away with him. After a long flight, he alighted on the edge of a precipice, where he had a nest, and several young ones. All the eaglets came fluttering around John, picking at him, and tearing his clothes with their strong bills, and he was afraid they would ruin his new jacket, but the eagle took them, one by one, and put them back into the nest, and then told John to go and find some rabbits for their supper.

"Where can I find them?" asked John.

"Down in the valley," said the eagle.

"How shall I get down there?"

"Oh! You are a miserable, good for nothing creature," said the eagle, "I have a good mind to carry you out over the precipice, and let you drop; it would just serve you right, for not using wings like other people."

So saying, he seized John by the collar, and flew down into the valley with him, there he set him down, and left him. John watched him as he rose slowly upward, and when he was fairly out of sight, he began to look about him. The valley was a very small one, and completely shut in by mountains on every side; it was covered with great rocks, which seemed as if they had rolled down from the sides of the mountains.

Now, said John I wonder where I am to find rabbits for those dreadful birds, and how I am to catch them, when I do find them. I do not believe there are any rabbits here, for there is nothing for them to eat, not even a blade of grass, nothing but rocks—Oh dear, what is that?

A monstrous serpent had glided out from under the rock on which John was standing, and, with head erect, was gazing steadily at John, his back sea-green, and his throat a bright orange, his terrible eyes were flame-colored, and John thought he had never seen anything so frightful; his mouth was open, and his arrow-shaped tongue was in constant motion. The terrified boy would have run away, but he knew it would be impossible to make any progress over those loose rocks, and besides, he dared not lose sight of the serpent, for an instant, lest he should spring upon him; his strength was failing too, and he thought he must soon faint and fall, when to his great joy he heard the sound of the eagle's wings, and, a moment later, the eagle seized the serpent, and carried it up to his young ones. John then sat down on the rock, and resolved that he would not attempt to leave it, lest he should encounter other serpents. He had but just seated himself, when the eagle came swooping down again, and taking John by the arm, he angrily demanded how many rabbits he had caught.

"Why," said John, "I have not seen any rabbits."

"No," said the eagle, "you have not looked for them. You have just staid in one spot, ever since I brought you down here."

Then he beat John furiously with his wings, and finally carried him up to a cavern in the side of the mountain, where after beating him again, he left him, and flew away. The cavern was

very large, and the back part of it was so dark, that it was impossible to see how far it extended ; the floor was strewn with pebbles, but they were different from any that John had ever seen before ; he thought he would gather some of the prettiest of them, and carry home to his sister ; but then he reflected that he should probably never see his home or his sister again, and he began to cry, " John," said a pleasant voice, " I have got some nuts for you."

John looked up, and there, directly in front of the entrance to the cave, sat a little striped squirrel, with his cheeks distended to their utmost capacity ; they were filled with hazel nuts, and he looked so funny sitting up on his haunches, that John stopped crying, and laughed loud and long.

" What are you laughing at," asked the squirrel.

" Excuse me," said John, " but you look so odd, with your cheeks puffed out in that way, that really I cannot help laughing."

" It is better to laugh than to cry," said the squirrel, and he began to drop the hazel nuts on the floor. " Now," said he, " while you are eating these, I will go and get you some more."

" Thank you," said John, " but where do you get them ?"

" Never you mind where I get them," answered the squirrel ; " I never tell boys where I keep my nuts."

" Why, I would not meddle with them," said John.

" May be you would not," said the squirrel, " but there are plenty of boys who would ;" and then he scampered away as fast as he could. After a while he returned, with his mouth full, as before, and so he went and came, until John declared that he could eat no more. " Now," said he, " if I only had some water to drink, I should be all right."

" If I had a good long string," said the squirrel, " I would bring you some."

" How could you bring it with a string," asked John, laughing again.

" Why," said the squirrel, " there is a little pond, up on the top of this mountain, and I could put one end of the string into the water, and leave the other end down here, and the water would follow the string right down."

" Well," said John, " I have a long string in my pocket," and he took out his kite string, and showed it to the squirrel, who said it was just the thing ; then taking the end of it in his mouth,

he ran out, and began to climb up the steep rocks with it. John watched him till he was hidden from sight, away up among the rocks, and then he sat down by the string to see if the water would come down. He had not waited long before he found that the string was becoming quite wet, and in a few minutes a small stream of water came trickling down. He hastened to place the end of the string in a little hollow in the rock, and, in this way, he soon collected a little pool of water.

Now, said he, if I only had a cup to dip it up with ;—he looked around among the shells, hoping to find one that would do for a cup, but the largest ones were not bigger than a thimble. Well, said he, I suppose I can drink as the horses do, so he lay down on his face, and began to drink.

" Come Johnny," said a voice near him, " you have laid there about long enough ; father is coming down the road, and if he catches you lying there—

John rubbed his eyes, and scrambled up on his feet ; his brother James was just going out of the garden, with a wheelbarrow filled with weeds, and as he went along, he was looking back, and laughing.

" Who pulled up all those weeds?" asked John.

" I did," replied James ; I came out to help you, and I found you fast asleep, so I thought I would let you sleep a little while, and you have slept all the time I was weeding the garden. It is all done now, and as soon as we have eaten our dinner, we can go down to the clearing, and raise your new kite. You know I promised to do something for you some day, for helping me to hoe those potatoes last Saturday, and now I have done it."

Just then Mr. Green came into the garden, to see how John had done his work ; he was very much pleased with the appearance of the garden, and John thought he ought not to take the credit for what his brother had done, so he told his father the whole story of his adventure with his kite. James had returned to the garden, and he was so much amused with John's story, that he made him promise to write it down, so that all the boys could read it.

Philippa.

♦ ♦ ♦

GOOD prayers, says an old English divine, never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I should ask.



For the Myrtle.

In the Wheatfield.

INTO the wheatfield beautiful,
 Went out one morning early,
 Nellie and Katie and little Rose,
 With her yellow hair so curly.

While Rosie gathered the poppies red,
 Nell hunted for four leaved clover,
 For she smilingly thought in her secret heart,
 "If I find one, I'll have a lover!"

And Katie sat quietly down to trim
 Her hat with a wreath of daisies,
 And yellow buttercups bright as gold,
 That grew in the sunny places.

"I wonder what mama will say,
 When we go in," said Rosie,
 As smiling she held up her flowers,
 "And I give her this pretty posy!"

"I think she'll call her little Rose
 A thoughtful little daughter,"
 Said Nellie, "and give her a loving kiss,
 To pay for the flowers she's brought her!"

And so do I!—for the little girl
 Who remembers, and never misses,
 To share her treasures with her mama,
 Deserves a hundred kisses!

C. M. S.

For the Myrtle.

Miss Gray's Birthday.

MISS Gray was a teacher. She had been a teacher ever since she was a young girl; and was, to tell the truth, getting quite worn out in the service. Her friends all told her it was high time for her to stop teaching and begin to take care of herself; but she always made answer.

"Well, I mean to do so by and by, when I have taught a little longer."

"But why not now," they insisted—"while you have a breath of life left in you?"

"O, I can't leave my children yet. They are such dear, good little things, and take so much pains, and give me so little trouble," and Miss Gray's pale face would light up with the very sweetest smile you ever saw.

"Such nonsense to talk in that way!" they would answer in a vexed tone—"as if children weren't always troublesome little ruffians, especially boys!"

But they finally concluded to let her have her own way, since they couldn't help themselves, and said no more, but they *did* think her a dreadfully unreasonable woman not to be willing to submit to their wishes.

It was vacation, and Miss Gray sat in her pleasant little parlor leaning back in the nice comfortable lounging-chair, which one of her friends, though she did feel vexed, had sent her. She sat there thinking to herself, as she looked about on her pleasant surroundings, her books and pictures and delicate white muslin window-curtains, and nestling back in her soft chair.

"I am certainly a very happy woman. Thirty-five years old to-day, and during all these years, I have never lacked for good friends, or food or shelter. I am certainly a very happy woman!"

But, somehow, as Miss Gray sat there alone, she began to feel a little sad. She was alone in the world. She had laid up a little money by teaching. She lived in her own little cottage, but



she was without father or mother, brother or sister; and a lump came into her throat as she thought of her failing health, and of how it might be when she was older: when she was forty instead of thirty-five and could perhaps no longer teach the dear children she loved so well.

"Perhaps they'll all forget me then. They won't need *me*; They'll have others—be married perhaps, and won't need *me*!"

Tears came into her soft blue eyes at the thought, and presently rolled slowly down her cheeks. But then came the reflection.

"Yet God will never forsake or forget me, if others do—I'm sure I have every reason to trust to him. Hasn't he said 'I will not leave you comfortless?' Besides, it is ungrateful in me to distrust my earthly friends," patting, as she said this, the soft arms of her chair.

She had just recovered her placid, smiling expression, when a sound of children's voices came outside her room, followed by a whispering and giggling, that reminded her of the school-

house; the next minute the door opened and in rushed a body of her children—two well-grown girls, a boy six or seven years old, and the least bit of a tot of a girl. Their hands were full of various things, and their faces bright with excitement.

"See here, Miss Gray," exclaimed Bessie, the eldest, giving the pale face a hearty kiss—"what a beautiful cromó I've brought you on your birthday."

"And see these beautiful grapes"—put in Ellen—"Papa bought them this very morning, for of course, nobody forgot that it is your Birthday! They'll taste so good;"

"And tee my buful fowers," piped little Lillie stretching up her chubby fists full of pinks and roses. "Tee my buful fowers. I picked em' all for, ou my own self."

Master George smiled patronizingly down on his wee sister, as he stepped forward in a manly way and presented his love gift of a large bouquet, with a smile and a bow.

Miss Gray's face was full of smiles and tears, and her cheeks had the prettiest pink tint as she accepted the charming birthday presents and bent forward to kiss the delighted children and thank them for remembering her.

"How good of you to bring me all these nice presents," She said with a little quiver of her lips.

"Good!" burst out George, quite forgetting his dignity as he gave the gentle face a hearty smack. "It's ever so good of you to take them! I wish I was as rich as Croesus; I'd give you gold flowers, I love you so!"

"And I love you so!" replied Miss Gray, dropping a tear on the boy's rosy cheeks as she returned his kiss—"I love you all so! I shall never forget your love and kindness!"

"But come!" she added, wiping her eyes with her pocket handkerchief. "This won't do on my Birthday!" Come help me set out the table and arrange these beautiful flowers and fruit, and I'll see what I can find in the cupboard. I must have a little birthday feast."

"O Miss Gray!" cried the eldest girls—"let us do it all—we'll set the table. We'll arrange everything ever so nice. You'll see if we don't."

"Well, go to the cupboard and find whatever you can"—assented Miss Gray with a loving smile—"Whatever you do will be done well I'm sure."

Busy as bees, the girls drew the table in front

of the window; they arranged the flowers in two pretty vases; they piled the grapes in a fruit basket, and the nice cake, which they found in the cupboard, on a large plate. Miss Gray's eyes following them with a loving smile, and the girls every now and then snatching a kiss as they tripped back and forth between the table and the cupboard.

At last all was ready. The table had a most festive appearance with its neat china and glass ware, the beautiful purple and white grapes, and the pretty vases of flowers.

"Now put the chromo where I can look at it," said Miss Gray, "and we'll commence our feast."

It was the gayest, happiest little *festa* you ever saw; and none enjoyed it more than little Annie, who, mounted on a chair made higher by a pile of books, sat close to Miss Gray, and divided her time between the operations of staining her own hands and lips with the purple grapes, and the delicate cheek of Miss Gray, which she every other minute saluted with a grapy kiss.

But all things must have an end, even birthday feasts, and so had this; but when it was over it was unanimously voted by Miss Gray and her four guests to have been the pleasantest one that ever was known.

After the children were all gone out, Miss Gray sat in the evening sunset, watching their retreating figures out of sight. She couldn't help saying to herself, and with far more unction than before the party.

"It is just as I said—There never was a happier woman than I am,—God, and the little children are enough for me!" C. M. S.

Dame Dimple.

LITTLE Dame Dimple, so merry and wise,
Shaking your tangled locks over your eyes;
What are you plotting this sunshiny day,
Under the apple trees over the way?

Where is your sun-bonnet, dainty and neat?
Where are the shoes for your bare little feet?
Little brown fingers that hide them so well,
What will you do if your secret I tell?

One chubby hand holds the frock at your knee,
Filled full of treasures most wondrous to see;
Beetles that crawled in the dust at your feet,
Grashoppers, pebbles, and clover-heads sweet.

See; there's a butterfly gleaming like gold,
Down goes the frock with its riches untold,
Dear little Dimple, we elder folks, too
Drop our old treasures to reach for the new



"A Year of Worship" For Sunday Schools and Homes.

Parents, teachers and pupils will be glad to see this new book, by G. L. Demarest, issued by the Universalist Publishing House. It is a work of admirable design and execution, and will lend a guiding hand in many a doubtful strait, for nothing seems to be wanting to make it what has been so long needed in our Sabbath Schools. We hope our schools will as soon as possible test its merits. Specimen copies sent post paid for 45 cents, 4.50 per dozen.

Our Sunday Schools.

—From all quarters come the encouraging reports of our Sunday Schools, those corner stones of our denomination, and the interest in them seems constantly on the increase. In

MASSACHUSETTS,

Children's Sunday seems to have been everywhere observed. In Yarmouthport, July 15, it was consecrated by the Baptism of seven children. In Annisquam seven children were dedicated on Children's Sunday.

—Children's Sunday was observed at Saugus June 22d. The exercises consisted of the service recently published in the *Helper*, interspersed with singing by the Sunday School choir and an address by the pastor taking the place of the usual sermon; closing with the baptism of the little daughter of Mr. George Parsons, the Superintendent of the Sunday School. The church was filled and the exercises, being mainly by the children, were much enjoyed. In the evening a floral concert was given by the Sunday School, to as large an audience as the church could seat.

CONNECTICUT.

—In Hartford they have had a bereavement in the death of an earnest and true friend, and the following, which the children will be glad to read is as honorable to the school as to him whose virtue it records. "Adopted by the Sabbath School connected with the Church of the Redeemer at Hartford, Conn., on Sunday, July 27th, 1873. It has pleased our Heavenly Father, through sickness and death, to remove from among us our cherished friend, Br. Abijah Woodruff, who has "entered in to rest." We shall miss his familiar presence, as the earnest, Christian worker, a generous friend, a lover of the children, possessing a large measure of that "charity which never faileth," tender and thoughtful with the sick, a comfort at the bedside of the dying, imparting of his strong faith to cheer and bless. As a Sabbath School we wish to give this expression of our sympathy to the family in the stricken home, trusting that God will bless them by reconciling them to this bereavement. While we earnestly pray for the same faith which he possessed, may it be blessed to them in the memory of all the past. Although the boatman waited long and patiently, to those who waded and hoped, he stepped in with a noiseless unconsciousness, and we only know by the sound of the oars and the glitter of his robes that he is "on the other side," where, through our faith, we hope to meet him "on the golden stair in the sweet by-and-by."

NEW YORK.

Our schools in N. Y. have been bereaved by the death of one whose whole life was devoted to the interests of our Sabbath

School. All who read our Sabbath School records will know his name—"James Cushing, Jr." Never was a better, more excellent, more amiable boy, or a truer, more useful man. His whole life was a lesson of love, goodness and usefulness. Rev. Mr. Demarest thus wrote of his life. "When, thirty-three years ago, I entered upon the superintendence of the Orchard Street Sunday School (Dr. Sawyer's) in New York young Cushing, a lad of eight years, was one of its pupils. He was a boy notable for his thoughtfulness, attentiveness, and orderly deportment. He was good and pure; and one knowing him as a boy would be apt to follow him in after years, confident, that the world would be the better for his life. His correct boyhood matured, through an orderly youth, to a useful, intelligent, honorable, Christian manhood. He grew up from the Sunday School into the parish and the church. He early became superintendent and trustee. He was wise beyond his years. The people confided in him. They loved him. He was singularly modest and amiable, and yet he was not plastic or weak. He loved his faith, and lived in accordance with his spirit and precepts. He was faithful to the church, and labored earnestly in its behalf. He was generous in his contributions, and proved the excellency of his faith by his works." To this can add that soon after the Orchard Street Sabbath School, the second in the State, was organized, James Cushing, then almost in his infancy, was a member. Year after year, at every annual exhibition of the School, he was an admired and useful assistant, faultlessly reciting with his sweet, clear voice, the little poem, the colloquial phrase in the short dialogue, or the brief lesson, and always winning the applause which no one could withhold. I see him now, as I saw his face years and years, always in his place in the Sabbath School and in the church, growing in grace and intelligence as he grew in stature and in years, and steadily winning the high place in the church and in the community which he kept until the sad hour for us, when death removed him to that higher and better world where he now lives. Let other children imitate the precious example of James Cushing, and enjoy his precious reward.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In this State they are working with a will. Read the following and see what children led by earnest teachers can do in the way of accomplishing great work. "The Sunday School connected with the Universalist Church in Reading is the largest of our denomination in the State of Pennsylvania. It has a corps of faithful and active teachers, who are always planning for its interest and benefit. Its Sunday penny contributions range from five to seven dollars. At its annual exhibition, last Thanksgiving, it realized the handsome sum of four hundred dollars. Its Sunday evening concerts are very popular in the city, and are always crowded. Few schools sing with the whole soul, like this school of two hundred and fifty to three hundred scholars. On Children's Sunday the school was out in full force, and all the services had reference to the minds and hearts of the children composing it. The singing was wholly by the school. The evening was devoted to recitations and other exercises by the pupils. Thursday, July 10th, the school went thirty-five miles by rail, on the road to Harrisburg, on its annual excursion and picnic. Not far from six hundred composed the company. The day was delightful, and everybody voted that, of about twenty excursions from the city thus far this season, that of the Universalist Sunday School bore the palm. The children went free, and enough adults accompanied it not only to pay the expenses of the special train, but also to leave the handsome surplus of a little over fifty dollars in the treasury.

Now, if any of our friends will take the trouble to make a visit, I will be glad to show them a Sunday School which is not only very large for the size of the parish, but which is always more than self-supporting, having built, within the last three years, at a cost of sixteen hundred dollars, an addition to the Sunday School room of two others, for the accommodation of the infant department and the Bible class. And I know they will like to hear the little Dutchman sing. "Just tell them to come!"



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXIII.—JUDAS

Question.—What office did Judas hold among the disciples?

Answer.—John xii. 6.

Q.—When Jesus washed the feet of his disciples before the last Passover with them, what did he say of their cleanness?

A.—John xiii. 10, 11.

Q.—When Jesus was anointed, with the precious ointment, what did Judas say?

A.—John xii. 4, 5.

NOTE. It appears that Jesus and his followers not only received contributions of money for their own wants, but were accustomed to distribute charity among the poor. Judas must have received a rebuke of his love of money many a time from his Master's teachings; but he did not profit enough by them to be saved from that fate which is the portion of those who indulge greed of gain. His love of money at last led him to betray his Lord.

There are three explanations of the reason why Judas betrayed his Master. 1st. Believing he was King of the Jews and was only delaying the assumption of his true character, it is supposed by some that Judas hoped to compel Jesus to assume his true character. 2. Believing that the Christ was never to die, Judas thought to put a large sum into the treasury of his little company by taking money to betray to the Jews one whom it would be impossible for them to kill. 3d. That he was anxious to obtain money and was unscrupulous in regard to the mode by which he obtained it.

Q.—How much did Judas receive for betraying his Master?

A.—Matt. xxii. 3.

Q.—Where and how did Judas betray his Master?

A.—Matt. xxvi. 36, 47, 48.

Q.—When Judas saw that Jesus was condemned to death, what did he do?

A.—Matt. xxvii. 3.

Q.—When the priests would not take the money back, what did Judas do with it?

A.—Matt. xxvii. 5.

Q.—What did he say as he threw the money down?

A.—Matt. xxvii. 4.

Q.—What did Judas do after he had thrown down the money?

A.—Matt. xxvii. 5.

Q.—What is the mode of his death given in the Acts of the Apostles?

A.—Acts. i. 18.

NOTE. The word rendered "hanged" in Matthew's account of the death of Judas, means strangulation by any mode. It seems that Judas' repentance was complete and sincere and that his emotions were of the most violent kind. And it is supposed that he died of strangulation caused by his great grief.



Enigma No. 1.

My first was an idol worshipped by the ancients

My second was chosen of the Lord.

My third was a prophessee.

My fourth lived in two worlds.

My fifth was a very devout man.

My sixth was a Roman King.

My whole is a title of Jesus.

Enigma No. 2.

My first, a pious, upright man,
Was by his brother slain;
My second, men once thought to build,
Upon fair Shinar's plain.
My third, a bride, a servant brought
From regions far away;
My fourth was turned from Eden's gate
As he did disobey.
My sixth, noted plain, whereon
Old Abraham pitched his tent;
My whole a patriarch with whom
God made a covenant.

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